

Religious Intelligence.

"BEHOLD I BRING YOU GOOD TIDINGS OF GREAT JOY."

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VOL. VI

GREAT OSAGE MISSION.

From the American Missionary Register.

EXTRACTS OF LETTERS.

The Superintendent to the Domestic Secretary. Dec. 6, 1821.

Dear Sir,—By our Journal, you will perceive that we have been visited with sickness and with death. We are not, however, discouraged, by all that we have been called to experience. The season, since our arrival, has been peculiarly unfavourable. The water, it is said was scarcely ever so high in any part of the year, as it has been during the autumnal months. The marshes have been filled, and the low lands overflowed; and it is said, by the Indians, and by white persons, acquainted with this country, that this has been a more unhealthy season, than has been known for many years. The Indians have been sick, as well as we; and a number of them have died. When we have become seasoned to the climate, I have not a doubt but we may be as healthy here as we should have been, and we remained in the Eastern States.

We have now completed ten cabins for the accommodation of the Family. They are each sixteen feet square, excepting the one for the Superintendent, which is eighteen. They stand on a line, fronting the east, and have each a piazza, or shed, of four or five feet. Our storehouse, 20 feet by 24, and a story and a half high, is finished, and our kitchen and dining hall, 24 by 33 feet, will be completed soon. We hope so to build a school house and a blacksmith's shop, in the course of a few weeks.

Brother Newton and myself are about to start for the Missouri, to purchase our winter's supply of beef and pork. These articles are cheap in that country, and to save the expense of transportation, we propose to procure cattle and hogs which are well fatted, drive them to the Station, and then slaughter and salt them ourselves.

We have received your letters of the 8th of July and of the 21st of September, and were rejoiced to hear from the Board under whose fostering care we have been sent out. Let the Board and the good people of New-York continue their prayers to the God of Missions, that he would remember the Missionaries in the heathen lands.

Praying that the Board may be greatly prospered in all its efforts for the diffusion of the Gospel among the heathen, and that

you and your family may enjoy the Divine favour, I subscribe myself your brother and fellow-labourer in the Lord,

N. B. DODGE.

Mr. Sprague to the Domestic Secretary. December 7.

Dear Sir,—Your letter of the 20th of September has been received, and has given us the highest satisfaction. It is peculiarly gratifying to hear from those with whom we are connected by the tie, not only of friendship, but of grace; and more especially since we are far removed from them, from civilized society, and from what we held near and dear, in our native land. But there is that which will support the mind under every privation and trial, which will realize to us more than all we have sacrificed of earthly friends, relations, or enjoyments. Look away to Calvary! The High Priest of our Salvation will support, in time of adversity or affliction! Under every pressure, it is He that will cheer, and animate, and comfort, and make the yoke easy and the burthen light!

The Missionary has peculiar trials. He finds himself subject to like passions, weaknesses, and temptations, with other men; yet he feels sensibly, that a life more devoted to the cause of the Redeemer should be maintained; that less of the world and more of Christ will make him the more happy, and the better qualified for the work to which he is called. O, may the mercy of God rest upon us, and His blessing descend upon our feeble exertions. For this purpose, we would invoke a spirit of prayer upon our friends, and the friends of Missionaries in general, that their prayers, with ours, may rise before the throne of God, and, if I may be allowed the expression, draw a blessing down. O, what feeble worms are we, when compared with Infinity! A little lower than the angels, yet a mere nothing! Nature is disposed to say, Who but I? Ah! it is for the want of knowledge—for the want of a knowledge of ourselves, that we grovel in darkness; and a knowledge of God, that we remain in doubt, and fear and dismay.

Mrs. Sprague to her Friend in N. York. dated Dec. 1, 1821.

My respected Friend,—As I take the pen to write to you, my imagination would

wander over the ground that I have passed, and rest under that roof where I received so much kindness from your hospitable hand. I delight in the retrospect. Yes, I delight to retrace the journey, and imagine myself seated at your fire-side, recounting, or rather anticipating, the toils, the trials, and the privations of a Missionary life. These, as we have found on experience, are many, and, to the natural heart, hard to submit to; but the influence of God, when wrought upon the human mind, will overcome these evil propensities, and the Christian will rejoice in calling himself worthy to suffer in the cause of his Master.

Since we were permitted to reach our haven of rest, I have felt sensibly the need of keeping a more constant and humble walk with God, of maintaining a devotional frame of spirit, and of frequently bringing to mind my latter end, that by so doing I may be prepared to enter on the work, for which I was sent, with vigour and cheerfulness. In silent contemplation, my mind often revisits the dear friends and companions left behind; but not with one wish to return. Although the affectionate tie that binds our hearts together can never be broken, yet the idea of performing my duty in the glorious cause of my Lord, renders life happy, and the separation, in one sense, pleasant.

What Christians are there, whose hearts are not engaged in the Missionary cause? I trust there are none. They love to pray for the heathen: they love to pray for the prosperity of Zion; they love to pray for the aborigines of our own country: yes, these tawny inhabitants of the forest are often brought in remembrance to the throne of grace; and we are told that the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous availeth much. We hope to see the day when this people shall renounce their superstitious sentiments, and shall accept our God as their God. We need your prayers. We feel our own weakness, when we think of the great work before us. But the Lord, by affliction, is preparing us for it. In the language of Isaiah—When His judgments are abroad in the earth, the inhabitants thereof will learn righteousness.

I feel assured, my dear friend, that if Christians were faithful at the throne of grace, and vigorous and persevering, as well as prayerful, in their exertions, the Lord would bless the means in beautifying, perpetuating, and enlarging his Church on the earth. Oh! then, may we be active, may we work with diligence, while it is called to-day, for when the night of death

shall overtake us, we know not: but this we know, that *death cometh as a thief in the night*, and that *blessed are they who are found watching*.

Sabbath, Dec. 2. With silent awe, I hail the sacred morn on which the Saviour rose from the dead. I rejoice that, after a long indisposition, I am again enabled to unite with the Family in the worship of God. You have doubtless heard that the Lord has visited us with sickness and with death. He has indeed laid his rod heavily upon us. Not one of the family has escaped disease. But this does not discourage us; we are not dismayed: we had calculated on afflictions: we expected sickness and distress: we expected to toil and to be fatigued: we expected to suffer: and we expect to die. But, what if we suffer in a land of pagan darkness! we may yet be instrumental in converting it to a land of Gospel light! Our sufferings will not continue always. This is comforting to the people of God. However great may be their sufferings here, time is short; and when their pilgrimage on earth is ended, their pains and sorrows will for ever cease, and they will occupy a blissful seat in the mansions above.

UNION OSAGE MISSION.

Extracts from the Journal for the month of October 1821.

We have published private letters from the Mission as late as December.

Monday, Oct. 1st. The return of the monthly Concert, serves to awaken in us more of the missionary spirit.

Substitute for a Mill-Stream.

In meeting for business, we resolved to build a saw and grist mill, connected under one roof, to be moved by the weight of oxen, on an inclined wheel. We have found no stream that will answer our purpose. No one has a fall or rapid sufficient. Grand River is too large, and on no stream near can a mill be built, that will be both safe and useful.

Sickness of Mr. Chapman, and others.

Wednesday, Oct. 3. Brother Chapman finds himself very unwell. He seemed to be gaining ground, on his return, but has relapsed into a state of weakness and distress. His journey has evidently much impaired his health. Brother Requa is very feeble, and unable to keep the school. The fever which prevails in this country, is a lingering, obstinate disease, slow in leaving the patient. Our diet also is very unfavourable. It consists mostly of meat

and bread. We have no garden vegetables; our garden has failed to produce them in any great variety, in consequence of the drought, and the uncultivated state of the soil.

State of the Family, in point of Health.

Thursday, Oct. 11. Dr. Palmer begins once more to prescribe for the sick. Br. Woodruff is again complaining. Only two of the brethren are able to labour. And among the sisters, Miss Foster is the only one whose health is good. Sarah Vaill has the intermittent. Distressing humours afflict some of the family. Vegetable diet would be an unspeakable blessing at the present time.

Lord's Day, Oct. 14. Brother Chapman still unable to preach. May God soon restore his health, and enable him to pursue the study of the language with assiduity, that we may be able to speak to the poor Indians, in their own language, concerning the *great salvation*. Our way at present seems to be hedged up. We have it for our consolation, however, that God will prepare us in his own way, and in his own time, for the work which he has for us to do.

Hostile approach of the Cherokees.

Monday, Oct. 45. Brother Spaulding reached home this evening in good health. The Cherokees he informs us are now on their march into this country. Major Bradford held a council with them, endeavouring to dissuade them from their purpose. His efforts, however, were ineffectual. As he has no authority to prevent their proceeding, they are coming on. The number is 400, or more. He gave them a fresh charge not to disturb this establishment; still he advises us to keep an eye over our stock, and to keep the children close, supposing that they intend to destroy every man, woman, and child of the Osages, if it be in their power. May the God of Mercy be pleased to protect us from these blood-thirsty savages, who are making towards us with the instruments of death! Before we arrived in this country, we expected that the design of the Garrison, was to keep peace among the Indians. We, find however, that they are not to be opposed in their wars with each other. Vain will be our efforts to benefit them, while this state of things is permitted! Vain also the efforts of benevolent Societies, and useless the appropriations of Government.

Wednesday, Oct. 17. Consulted last evening concerning our duty, should any of the Cherokees come to injure the family. Concluded, that we had nothing to do with

carnal weapons; still, that we ought to use all suitable means to keep them from violence. We understand that they have that intoxicating poison, whiskey, with them. Although we believe their Chiefs understand the design of our establishment, yet we cannot tell how straggling parties may behave, should they see fit to come this way. We fear that they would destroy the three little Osages who are with us, were it in their power.

Thursday, Oct. 18. One of our hired men received a wound in his leg, which will probably lay him aside for some time.

Friday, Oct. 19. Dr. Palmer states that the health of the Family is improving.

Lord's Day, Oct. 21. The brothers of the church agreed to hold communion once in two months, commencing with the first Sabbath in November, and to attend the lecture preparatory to communion on the Friday preceding. Brother Chapman spoke to us this evening from these words, "*Not my will but Thine be done.*"

Wednesday, Oct. 24. Removed into our new kitchen, which also serves as a dining room. This room is 24 feet square, has a large fireplace, and a spacious oven. It will afford a convenience in cooking, which we have not before realized. Fifty children might be accommodated at the tables.

Relapse of Doctor Palmer.

Saturday, Oct. 27. Brother Palmer is again brought very low with the fever.

Lord's Day, Oct. 28. In addition to our Saturday evening prayer-meeting, we instituted a Sabbath evening meeting for religious conference among the brethren and sisters. Also, agreed to meet with our hired men one evening in the week, for their spiritual benefit.

Monday, Oct. 29. Brother Requa is again able to take the school. A very convenient and pleasant room is finished. Oh! that it were filled with young Osages! Our hearts sigh within us, because we cannot obtain these precious children!

From the Philadelphia Presbyterian Magazine.

ON THE CONVERSION OF THE JEWS.

How desirable this great event! What a jubilee will it be in the Christian Church! Such an illustrious fulfilment of Scripture prophecy will confound the enemies of our holy religion, and implant conviction of its truth in the breasts of the stoutest infidels. Jewish preachers in abundance will rise up, and among them many Pauls and Apollos, to carry the gospel of Christ around the globe.

and proclaim to an astonished world the wonderful works of God for them. That great effects will result from the general conversion of this people, is obvious ; for the accomplishment of this great event will require a more copious and extensive outpouring of the Holy Spirit than has ever yet been granted to the Christian Church ; and in this abundant effusion of divine influence, Gentile nations will doubtless participate ; so that the work of regenerating grace will be carried on among them with greater power, and to a greater extent, than in any preceding period. Such glorious anticipations are warranted by the language of prophecy. "Now if the fall of them be the riches of the world, and the diminishing of them the riches of the Gentiles, how much more their fulness ? For if the casting away of them be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be but life from the dead ? Rom. xi. 12, 15.

But when shall this most interesting event arrive ? We pretend not to give a definite answer to this question ; we only state it as our opinion, that it cannot be very distant. Indeed recent occurrences seem to indicate that it is drawing nigh. Many Christians who have turned their attention to the study of prophecy, think the accomplishment of God's designs in respect to his ancient people is approaching. A spirit of compassion is beginning to influence more extensively the Christian Church ; societies are forming for the purpose of effecting their conversion ; a spirit of enquiry on the subject of the claims of our Lord, as their promised Messiah, is growing among them ; and some conversions to the Christian faith have recently occurred, flattering to the hopes of the pious and benevolent. These are all favourable indications, and ought to inspire our hearts with believing anticipations of the full accomplishment of all the prophecies relative to this extraordinary people.

Providence plainly invites our prayers in behalf of the wandering descendants of Abraham ; that the lost sheep of the house of Israel may again be brought into the fold of the great Shepherd, to enjoy the rich pastures he has provided for his flock, and live in safety and happiness under his ever watchful protection. They demand our Christian compassion. Hitherto they have been treated most unkindly and unjustly. They have indeed been obstinate in unbelief : and pursued by the righteous judgments of Heaven ; but from neither of these facts can any justification be derived in favour of the contempt and scorn, oppression and cruelty, inhumanity and persecution they

have so often experienced from Christian nations. It is time to redeem the Christian name from this foul stain. It is time for Christians to remember, that they were once the peculiar people of God, and that they are destined to become members of the Christian church. Who will not rejoice in the prospect of that blessed day when Jew and Gentile shall be united in the family of Jesus Christ, and live as co-heirs of the same immortal glory. Let us then pray for the coming of that blessed day. Let us pray that the veil of unbelief may be taken from their hearts. Let us pray that the Deliverer may come out of Zion, to turn away ungodliness from Jacob. Let us pray that the day of millennial glory may soon break upon the world, when Jews and Gentiles shall, over all the earth, shout the praises of the great Redeemer.

BENEFIT OF MISSIONS.

Extract of a Letter from a Clergyman in the State of Mississippi, to the Editor of the Recorder, dated Natchez, Feb. 14th, 1822.

Religion is making some progress in the State of Mississippi. We have a Domestic Missionary Society which has been very useful, but we cannot procure a sufficient number of Missionaries.

A few days ago, Mr. Kingsbury sent me a letter by Mr. Thomas Lowry, which stated, that the bearer, who is a house joiner, has been brought to the knowledge of true religion during a few weeks residence at Elliot. Mr. Lowry thus related the circumstances of his conversion. He said that when he had remained a few days with the Missionaries, he perceived that they were a different kind of people from any he had ever seen, and he concluded from their piety, harmony and happiness, that they must be influenced by some powerful principle to which he was a stranger. He became deeply concerned about his soul ; the missionaries gave him instruction suited to the state of his mind, but he found no relief. On Christmas day a religious meeting was held, and the exhortations of the Brethren, especially a few remarks from Mr. Dyer, were the means of convincing him that he had not been seeking salvation in the right way—through the merits of Christ alone. He retired to his chamber to pour out his soul in prayer. He thought he saw God before him ; he did not see any shape, but he had an overwhelming view of the divine power and mercy ; he believed that Jesus Christ interceded

with the Father in his behalf, and he thought that on his left hand he saw the world in miniature, and the men of it engaged in the pursuit of trifles, and rushing forward in the way to ruin. While viewing these things, he thinks he was in a trance: he was praying so loud that the Missionaries heard him,—though he supposed he was not speaking at all; and when he had perfectly recovered the use of his faculties, he was filled with admiration of the Divine mercy: with confidence in his Saviour; with contempt of the world, and with a desire to be holy in heart and life. I expect that he will become a member of the church in this city at our next communion. He is an interesting young man, a countryman of mine, (from Ireland,) and as far as I have observed, he appeared to be as much devoted to God as any Christian with whom I am acquainted.

I am your's with esteem,
WILLIAM WIER.

REVIVALS OF RELIGION.

In several places which we have before mentioned the Lord is still carrying on his work of saving mercy. We have been informed during the past week, that the revival in Litchfield, which has been continued since early in the last fall, is still progressing with as much power as at any time.

In Suffield the work is going on, and has extended into West Suffield, where there are about 20 hopeful subjects of grace, and many who are in distress for the salvation of their souls. In Sheffield, Ms. more than one hundred consider themselves as birds plucked from the burning since the revival commenced, and are viewed by christians as monuments of mercy. Among these are persons of the first standing in society, and of all ages from the child 10 years to the man of 70. There is scarcely a town in the populous county of Berkshire, where there is not a revival of religion.

There is quite a revival in several of the congregations in the city of N. York, and the prospect is considered greater at this time in that great city than at any former period. A correspondent at Sag Harbour, says, "The mercy and grace of God are still displayed among us. The attention is considered as great as it has been for months past, during which time between 40 and 50 are mentioned as the hopeful subjects of God's renewing and qualifying grace.

UNIVERSALISTS.

Among the subjects of our late revivals of religion, are several men of distinguished talents and influence, who have heretofore been open and strenuous advocates for the doctrines of Universal Salvation. When brought by the Holy Spirit to see their own hearts in the light of Divine truth, the mists of this delusive doctrine have vanished from before their eyes, and in an agony of soul, they have been compelled, notwithstanding their hope of salvation, to join with those around them in the anxious enquiry, "Men and brethren what shall I do to be saved?"

Some of them have openly declared, since their conversion, that they never felt satisfied with their belief in universal salvation; and they are now fully convinced that it is a mere delusion of Satan to quiet the conscience,—a delusion by which thousands are led on to that eternal perdition in which they wish not to believe. Will not facts like these, and we can identify many, open the eyes of those who have long closed them against the light of truth, and who are wresting the scriptures to their own destruction. From such facts we have reason to believe that those who continue to rest on this fallacious hope for salvation, are among those who are left to judicial blindness, and who have never been convinced of sin, of righteousness and judgement. It has always appeared strange to me how an intelligent being, who believed the Bible to be the word of God, and therefore *true*, can learn from it the doctrine of Universal Salvation. Socinians who deny the divinity of Christ, and Infidels who do not believe his word, although the awful denunciations of God against all unbelievers, may apply with equal severity to them; yet in their theory they appear to be far more consistent than the Universalists.

Suppose we take up only one portion of Scripture by way of illustration. Matt. vii. 13, 14.—"Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat: Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." These words, the Universal preacher will, say are a part of the best sermon that was ever preached. They are from the mouth of Him who spoke as never man spake. They are the words of that Saviour who died to save all mankind, and if by his death he has satisfied the demands of the law, so that a just God can save all

even without repentance, surely He must be the son of God. Therefore these words are the words of God. And what is their import.

My dear fellow-sinners, suffer one who loves your souls,—one who believes in the everlasting happiness of all men—one who comes to you as an ambassador of Christ in His stead, to beseech you, one and all, not to trouble yourselves about your soul's salvation, for there is no danger. Although the words we have been considering are the words of my Lord and Master, let me tell you, out of love to your souls, that they are all false. He is trying to deceive and alarm you for nothing. There is but one road, and that leads directly to Heaven. There is no need of striving to enter in at the "strait gate," for you can never miss it. Christ in this case, as well as in many others, has entirely subverted the meaning. For I know better than God, and I declare unto you, that *ye need not strive* to enter in. For wide is the *gate* and *broad* is the *way* which leadeth unto *life eternal*, and *NONE* can ever miss it: because *strait* is the *gate* and narrow is the way that leadeth to destruction, and none shall ever find it; for there is no such place. And all must say, Amen.

From the Lynchburgh, (Vir.) Press.

THE BLACK PREACHER.

"Fleecy locks and black complexion
Cannot forfeit nature's claim;
Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same."

COWPER.

Messrs. Editors,—On a Sabbath morning, as I was returning from a visit to a relation, accompanied by a young friend, our attention was suddenly arrested by the mingled sound of many voices near the highway, which, upon a nearer approach, we ascertained to be a gathering of coloured people, (slaves) assembled in the worship of God.

Never having before witnessed such an assemblage, nor heard the doctrines asserted, or the morals proposed, that this benighted people acknowledge, (indeed, the truth is, I did not expect to hear any code of the one or the other,) curiosity prompted me to propose to my companion that we should become witnesses of the scene.

The spot chosen for the meeting was the shade afforded by an aged locust tree, that seemed but half to shelter the congregation from the rays of the sun. As we approached the crowd, every eye seemed fixed upon

us, with tremulous anxiety, and their expression told me that the company was agitated with the fear that we came to disturb them. Anxious to undeceive them, we seated ourselves on the green sward that grew beneath our feet, determined to give to the service the most respectful attention. The company standing, and seated, prevented my yet seeing the oracle of the day, whilst I distinctly heard the anunciation of the unfinished psalm. I was delivered in a clear and impressive tone of voice, with proper cadence, and nearly with grammatical precision; so much so, that I now felt exceedingly anxious to see the face of the preacher. But as the slightest movement by us might have been misconstrued, we retained our seats till the psalm was finished, when all was the most death-like silence. Nothing now remained but to divert the company from my young friend and myself, although humbly seated as we were in the midst of them all seemed yet distrust, not unmixed with dismay, except with the preacher. He arose, and with perfect equanimity, in short, but perspicuous exordium, claiming the attention of the congregation—reminding them that they had "assembled there to bury a fellow servant, that on an occasion like that, so awful, so solemn, ever light and trifling thought should be cast from their minds; and as this man had fallen, so should we all; that if the mind of any were disposed to stray from the solemn scene, and the humble servant of the day, let them look around to the fair grave near them—if that did not warn them of a coming day; if that did not teach them humility and a reverence for holy things, he would leave them in the hands of his and their God."

By this time you may well imagine I was half petrified with astonishment, I involuntarily exclaimed to the slave master, "Who is he, and to whom does he belong?" Believing from his wan and gaunt appearance, that labour under the task master, rather than voluntary service, had increased the marks of age. I had just time to learn, in reply, his name, master, when he read aloud his text, which, in my admiration of the man, precise verse and words have been forgotten. It was a passage from some one of the disciples of the Saviour, and the scene where a mixed multitude gathered around him, and he taught them the will of the Father. He made many remarks elucidatory of the passage selected; and spoke the alluring promises of that gospel he had been labouring to teach them; he des-

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ed affectingly the sufferings of the Saviour, "pierced by the Roman sword," and the goodness of the Father in giving up his only begotten Son to atone for the crimes of rebellious man. In short, his whole discourse was of that nervous and manly cast, that often made me forget that I was the listener to an untutored slave; and whilst I admit that I have heard more learned sermons, I never yet have heard more purely Christian doctrines advanced and pushed home to the minds of an audience by more striking illustrations.

I was much struck with his delicate allusion to his sectarian creed. By it I learned that he belonged to that sect who hold with baptism by immersion. He said he had followed his Saviour through toil and trouble for twenty-three years, through good and through evil report, and that he had followed him even *down into the water*—and that by the help of his God he hoped to follow him to his grave. He dwelt with rapture on the joys of that heaven in another, the sure reward of a pious life in this world, where he said there were "no distinctions, where old Jerry and his fellow servants may be as happy as they deserve."

I feel unable to do justice to the discourse of this venerable black man, and have ever since been haunted by the reflections it has given birth to. It has redeemed, in my estimation, the whole unfortunate race from the unmerited prejudices of my early years. I confess that I felt humbled under its influence. The doctrines so modestly endeavoured to be inculcated, were so charitable in themselves, that the recollection rushed upon me, how often I have heard the educated minister of the gospel of peace, holding their titles to Heaven much clearer, waste a great portion of the time of service, in elaborate defences of their various church tenets—often so warmly and uncharitably expressed, as almost to hazard the assertion that their's was the only avenue to it—whilst from this man no hint escaped, save an innocent allusion—preaching simply the broad doctrine of the fall and redemption, prayer and mercy. I could but accord to him more of the Christian spirit than to any man I have yet heard.

I have since enquired into the private character of this remarkable slave, and find it, as I wished, unimpeachable—he is represented to me as the best of servants.—Now, if he who labours six days under a task master, and draws from his own labour only a subsistence, can on the seventh bless the Power that so ordains it, he must be

more than an ordinary man; and ought it not to inculcate upon us, who are the masters of *all* our time, and every action, a lesson of patience never to be forgotten? Or is man happier the more numerous the shackles that bind him? or religion the more inestimable that has so influenced the character of this humble slave?

I believe that could the vehement declaimer or fiery sectarian have heard this sermon, or the advocate for spacious churches well endowed, have witnessed this scene, they would have felt it comfortless; whilst I left it determined no more to languish under ills, that to this man's, are like an atom to the universe; and should I ever forget the impressions wrought upon my mind by this scene, it will only be then that I can be miserable. Sure I am that if ever I become seriously enamoured of things thought holy; if ever I become free from the "shadows, clouds and darkness that rest upon it," I shall own the instrumentality of him who in this world is a slave himself—W***** L***'s old Jerry. B.

INSTRUCTION OF SLAVES.

Amongst the various objects which call for the exercise of Christian benevolence, it is pleasing to find that our brethren in the Southern States are turning their attention to one, which has been too much neglected, *the instruction of Slaves*. Too long have the friendless children of Africa, whom our cupidity has torn from their home and kindred, been treated as if they partook not of our common nature, but were beasts of burden. A writer in a southern publication calls upon ministers of the gospel to press upon heads of families the duty of instructing their servants, and upon ministers to preach to them with clearness the grace which is offered to the bond as liberally as to the free. It is their duty, in imitation of the Methodist Missionaries in the West-Indies, to "consider the *coloured people* attached to each family in their congregation as a part of the charge, and catechise and preach stately to them." Brainerd, who laboured successfully in teaching the Indians; President Davies, who was greatly useful to the Negroes in South Carolina; and Mr. Kennon, well known in the Presbyterian church, with many others, are noble examples worthy of sedulous imitation. Mr. Kennon, "whose ascending soul seemed to say it would not linger long in an earthly tabernacle," used occasionally to adapt a part of his sermon to the servants and slaves in his congregation; and it is

said "his appeals were argumentative, but simple and very fervent."—*Ch. Watchman.*

THE COMPLAINT OF THE DYING YEAR.

AN ALLEGORY,

Supposed to be written by the Rev. Dr. Henderson, the well known Missionary, and first inserted in the 'Edinburgh Star.'

Reclining on a couch of fallen leaves, wrapped in a fleecy mantle, with withered limbs, hoarse voice, and snowy beard, appears a venerable old man. His pulse beats feebly, his breath becomes shorter; he exhibits every mark of approaching dissolution.

This is old Eighteen Hundred and twenty-one; and as every class of readers must remember him a young man, as rosy and blithsome as themselves, they will, perhaps, feel interested in hearing some of his dying expressions, with a few particulars of his past life. His existence is still likely to be prolonged a few days by the presence of his daughter *December*, the last and sole survivor of his twelve fair children; but it is thought the father and daughter will expire together. The following are some of the expressions which have been taken down as they fell from his dying lips :

"I am," said he, "the son of old father *Time*, and the last of a numerous progeny; for he has had no less than five thousand eight hundred and twenty-one of us; but it has ever been his fate to see one child expire before another was born. It is the opinion of some, that his own constitution is beginning to break up, and that when he has given birth to a hundred or two more of us, his family will be complete, and then he himself will be no more."

Here the Old Year called for his account book, and turned over the pages with a sorrowful eye. He has kept, it appears, an accurate account of the moments, minutes, hours and months which he has issued, and subjoined in some places, memorandums of the uses to which they have been applied, and of the losses he has sustained. These particulars it would be tedious to detail, and perhaps the recollection of the reader

may furnish them as well or better: but we must notice one circumstance; upon turning to a certain page in his accounts, the old man was much affected, and the tears streamed down his furrowed cheeks as he examined it. This was the register of the forty-eight Sundays which he had issued; and which, of all the wealth he had to dispose of, has been, it appears, the most scandalously wasted. "These," said he, "were my most precious gifts. I had but fifty two of them to bestow. Alas! how lightly have they been esteemed!" Here, upon referring back to certain old memorandums, he found a long list of vows and resolutions which had a particular reference to these fifty-two Sundays. This, with a mingled emotion of grief and anger, he tore into a hundred pieces, and threw them on the embers by which he was endeavouring to warm his shivering limbs.

"I feel, however," said he, "more pity than indignation towards these offenders, since they were far greater enemies to themselves than to me. But there are a few outrageous ones, by whom I have been defrauded of so much of my substance, that it is difficult to think of them with patience, particularly that notorious thief *Procrastination*, of whom every body has heard, and who is well known to have wronged my venerable father of much of his property. There are also three noted ruffians, *Sleep*, *Sloth* and *Pleasure*, from whom I have suffered much; besides a certain busy-body called *Dress*, who under pretence of making the most of me, and taking great care of me, steals away more of my gifts than any two of them.

"As for me, all must acknowledge that I have performed my part towards my friends and foes. I have fulfilled my utmost promise, and been more bountiful than many of my predecessors. My twelve fair children have, each in their turn, aided my exertions; and their various tastes and dispositions have all conduced to the general good. Mild *February*, who sprinkled the naked boughs with delicate buds, and brought her wonted offering of early flowers, was not of more essential service than that rude blustering boy, *March*, who though

violent in his temper, was well-intentioned and useful.—*April*, a gentle tender-hearted girl, wept for his loss, yet cheered me with many a smile. *June* came crowned with roses, and sparkling in sunbeams, and laid up a store of costly ornaments for her luxuriant successors: But I cannot stop to enumerate the good qualities and graces of all my children. You, my poor *December*, dark in your complexion, and cold in your temper, greatly resemble my first-born *January*, with this difference, that he was most prone to anticipation, and you to reflection.

“If their should be any, who, upon hearing my dying lamentation, may feel regret that they have not treated me more kindly, I would beg leave to hint, that it is yet in their power to make some compensation for their past conduct, by rendering me, during my few remaining days, as much service as is in their power; let them testify the sincerity of their sorrow by an immediate alteration in their behaviour. It would give me particular pleasure to see my only surviving child treated with respect: let no one slight her offerings; she has a considerable part of my property still to dispose of, which, if well employed, will turn to good account. Not to mention the rest, there is one precious Sunday yet in her gift; it would cheer my last moments to know that this had been better prized than the past.

“It is very likely that, at least after my decease, many may reflect upon themselves for their misconduct towards me: to such I would leave it as my dying injunction, not to waste time in unavailing regret; all their wishes and repentance will not recall me to life. I shall never, never return! I would rather earnestly recommend to their regard my youthful successor, whose appearance is shortly expected. I cannot hope to survive long enough to introduce him; but I would fain hope that he will meet with a favourable reception; and that, in addition to the flattering honours which greeted my birth, and the fair promises which deceived my hopes, more diligent exertion and more persevering effort may be expected. Let it be remembered, that

one honest endeavour is worth ten fair promises.”

Having thus spoken, the Old Year fell back on his couch, nearly exhausted, and trembling so violently as to shake the last shower of yellow leaves from his canopy. Let us all hasten to testify our gratitude for his services, and repentance for the abuse of them, by improving the remaining days of his existence, and by remembering the solemn promises we made in his youth.

ON HEARING THE WORD.

For the Religious Intelligencer.

—“The landscape has our praise,
But not its Author.” COWPER.

There are few scenes which receive more universal admiration than the beauties of nature. They have afforded a theme for the poet, and a model for the painter; and in every age nature, in her plain attire, has enlivened the imagination, and called into exercise the best feelings of the heart.

Nothing has a greater influence to elevate the mind and awaken to action the dormant energies of man, than the view of a lofty mountain, or the stream, which, as it rolls along its rocky bed, breaks the silence of the forest; while the cultivated field waving with the fruits of autumn, or decked in the loveliness of spring, cannot fail to kindle even in the savage breast the most delightful emotions.

Upon scenes like these the eye has often rested with delight, while the heart has not swelled with one emotion of gratitude to that Being, “who crowneth the year with his goodness,” and scatters around us in profusion the blessings of his providence. While the imagination feasted upon the beauties of nature, the soul was not filled with love to the Author, and to every thing like holy adoration was cold and lifeless.

With feelings not unlike these, many have entered the sanctuary of God, and listened to the harmonious accents which fall from the lips of the ambassador of heaven. The powerful eloquence of the speaker may indeed awaken the sensibility, and please the fancy, yet the heart remains perfectly indifferent to the imperious mandates of the Sovereign of the Universe. The music of a well-toned voice falls sweetly upon the ear, and the soul is kindled into transport, while the conscience secure and undisturbed slumbers over truths of everlasting moment.

Often, too, have we seen the tear of sym-

pathy flow, and the benevolent feelings of man called to action while the sufferings of a fellow mortal were brought to view ; and the heart remain unmoved while hearing the story of a Saviour's love, or beholding the wretched condition of apostate man painted in its true colours. True, the talents and eloquence of the speaker receive their due applause, the elegance of his style is sufficiently commended—but here the speculative hearer stops. He has gained his object and he goes no farther—the gratification of his taste was all he sought, and this found, he is content. Thus in a thousand instances the imagination is regaled with a metaphor or a smooth flowing style, when the soul is left to perish for the bread of life. When with a docile, child-like disposition, the hearer should have sought instruction from the word of truth, and have applied to his own conscience the message from heaven ; he has searched with a critic's eye for some inaccuracy of expression ; and with the cold heart of a sceptic has scrutinized every sentiment which was expressed.

The glories of the upper world are presented as motives to influence to a course of obedience, and are disregarded—eternal life is proffered and not one feeling of pious devotion, or of humble adoration of that Being who provides it. No love is found in the heart for Him who purchased our redemption from eternal death, or a single emotion of gratitude to the Preserver of our lives and author of our blessings.

Depraved indeed must be the heart which regards only the *instrument*, and applauds only the *manner*. N. C.

For the Religious Intelligencer.

CHRISTIANITY AN IMPOSITION.

Do not be startled, Christian, at the novelty of my caption. Hurry not over what I have to say, with the expression in your heart, "it is too late in the day to commence a discussion on that subject." Read with patience, for it is never too late to search for truth.

It is not my present object to examine particularly the materials of which the christian fabric is composed, nor to inquire in what unaccountable way, while others of the kind have been crumbling into ruins, this has so long withstood the ravages of time and the assaults of opposition. I have only to suggest that, with all the fortifications of evidence by which it is surrounded, and by which even great men have thought it effectually secured, there is one point of attack hitherto very little noticed, that

which the assailants of Christianity may yet direct their shafts with hope of victory.

One of the arguments relied on most confidently to subvert the ancient system of Philosophy, is, that no one of these systems had much if any influence either on its author or his followers. Now in point of imbecility, I take the liberty of asking where is the mighty difference which elevates modern christianity above the system of ancient Greece and Rome ? Does it really maintain such a power over those who embrace it, as to warrant the conclusion that it is indeed divine. As to the *Author* of the system, and the *system itself* apart from its connexions, I say nothing by way of censure, but I am left seriously to ask whether, after all that christians say of *faith*, there is any such thing in existence, as *trust*, *reliance*, *an attachment*, or *any medium* whatever, by which this system and the believers are brought in such affectual contact as to conform his character to it. I do not include in my estimate those notorious cases in which every one sees that a profession of the christian religion, is made without the reality, nor those occasional aberrations from duty to which the best of men are liable. I speak rather of the great body of the christian church, of the *general aspect* which it exhibits.

Now, ye christians, hear me candidly and solemnly. You profess to be dead to this world and living in another ; you have passed from a *natural* into a *spiritual* life ; you are living for Christ ; you have given yourselves away to him ; you have no other object in this world but to fill it with his glory. You profess to be training up your children in the same way, and are extensively teaching them, even from the cradle, to lisp the prayer, as if for an object of the highest moment, that the *kingdom of Christ may come*. You profess that the heathen are moving on in one vast body to perdition ; that nothing but the Gospel can save them, and that you are bound not only by the call of humanity, but by the last and apparently most solemn charge your leader ever gave to send this Gospel to them. What now are the fruits of all these high professions ? O ye christians, blush and be ashamed while you think of it. After all you have to say about entire devotedness implicit obedience to Christ ; after all your professions of esteem for the Gospel, and compassion for the souls of the heathen ; with all your societies, and charity boxes, your missionary sermons, and public contributions, and with the pretended pledge of Almighty power to help you, the whole income into your missionary treasury, scarce

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ly equals that of a single merchant in some one of our large cities. Look at this, 5000 churches employed in doing what ten individuals of you, if devoted as you all profess to be, might easily accomplish alone. Show me a case of mockery, that can match it. If there is indeed such a being as satan with whom your kingdom is at war, and he should chance to be informed of these mighty preparations to overthrow his empire, even he must for a moment stop his work of mischief, and staring through the intensity of his torments,

"Grin horribly a ghastly smile."

It is in vain for you to say the way is not open for the spread of your doctrines. Ships enough and men enough may easily be obtained to carry your communications at once to the most dark and distant wilderness. Equally vain is it for you to pretend that you know not how much sacrifice would be required, or that the object is beyond the ability of the present generation of christians to accomplish. Years have passed away since it was fully shewn and published through the land, that for the trifling yearly pittance of *six dollars* each, with the common blessing you look for, you might behold in 30 years, that consummation one would think of the christians hope, your long expected millennium. Now, christians, have you made your *share* of sacrifice? Have you shown yourself *willing* to see the Gospel universally extended. In 19 cases out of 20, conscience tells you no.

Here then is a notorious fact; one which you will not attempt to deny, and one which I call upon you to reconcile with the divine efficacy of your system, that within reach of the greatest object for which you pretend to be living and praying, you will not reach your hand to take it. "By their fruits shall ye know them," is a christian maxim. Out of thine own mouth then, christians, do I condemn thee. Your devotedness to your Master shall be told by its fruits, and not by your professions. Say what you will your desires to see the kingdom of Christ come, though they may be *less*, cannot be *greater* than your exertions.

Christians, in the fear of God, if you believe in one, answer me. Why, if the christian religion is true, are you doing so much to destroy it? How can you trifle, if that is true, with the perdition of heathen millions, and with the solemn command of your final Judge? How dare you, if it is true, mock an infinite Saviour with the daily petition in your mouth, "thy kingdom come," when your conduct is perfect demonstration that you would not have

this kingdom come if you could? These are solemn questions, and I solemnly put them to your conscience. I exhort you to come out and let us see your heart. No longer add your influence to so vast a system of hypocrisy. No longer labour to palm upon the world a religion in which you yourself do not believe.

Christians, I dismiss you with the plain assurance that I shall still adopt your maxim and judge you by your fruits. While these remain the same, my opinion of you and the opinion of the world, you may be confident will not change. You must not complain if for the present at least I continue to adopt your own maxim, and judge you by your fruits—until I see your young men setting aside for Christ a greater portion of their labor or their income—until I see more of your young women, and *old* ones too, practically convinced that their gold will spread the Gospel more effectually in the shape of Bibles than of ornaments—until legacies like that of Boudinot shall become more common, and your living rich men are seen, in more than a few solitary instances, giving into your religious funds *all* that can be saved from their income—until I see your preachers lift their voices with more alarm for the heathen, and for the labouring character of their churches—until I see you universally less ready and cunning in raising objections to the best concerted plans for promoting your object, and in devising excuses to rid yourselves of the *expense* of following your Master,—until then, you must not be surprised to see Christianity making slow progress around you. Until then you must not expect to find its inherent efficacy doubted, and the sincerity of your own faith in it suspected. *Until then*, I must and can murmur if I do subscribe myself

AN INFIDEI.

THE YOUNG COLLEGIATE.

From the Charleston Intelligencer.

"Good morning, mother," said my darling son, as he took his final leave of me for the institution for which he was now prepared. What a melancholy thrill did those words send through me! He pressed my hand with all the energy of filial affection, while the bright tear stood in his youthful eye, and then mournfully turned to leave the house for the wharf. The breeze blew fair—the anchor was quickly weighed, and the ship rocked along upon the surges for her destined port. I felt little for his danger in a physical point of view. I knew that although our Atlantic coast is somewhat perilous and sometimes

tempestuous, yet the proportion of unsafe to safe passages was very small. I felt more for his moral danger. I knew not how he would sustain the tossings, and encounter the dangers and temptations of the world. He might not now indeed be properly said to have embarked in the world, but he was at least exposed to many of its temptations. And tremble, ye parents! when I say it, those temptations do not appear in their least fascinating form within the venerated halls of science. One would think that the seclusion from the world, the discipline of wholesome laws, the influence of good company, and the power of that sentiment which flows or ought to flow from the faculty bench as from a fountain head, would constitute the most effectual safeguards for the mind and morals of a young man. They would indeed, always, excepting vital religion: but oh, that we had them in full perfection. A young man at college is not so secluded from the world as we may imagine. If he have an erratic disposition—if his mind is abroad—his imagination roving among external scenes, while his body is in his study, he will not fail of finding means for the gratification of his wishes. As to the execution of the laws, supposing them to be good and wholesome, which they generally are in our colleges, that depends upon the faculty. And upon the faculty too, depends in a considerable measure, the nature of the company your son will keep. Now I shall have occasion to bless God to all eternity, that in the dispensation and turn of his Providence, I was led to send my son to the college where he was graduated. He went, it is true, with religious instruction in his understanding—with external religious restraints upon the native ardour of his temperament: but I feared—I was racked with solicitude, lest these frail barriers should be burst—frail when vice chooses to lift her mighty power against them. Even though his interests were committed to pious men, (for God forbid that I should ever do otherwise with a child of mine, if I have no religion myself,) and to wholesome laws, I trembled to hear from him. After a few months a friend, whom I had requested so to do, wrote me, giving an account of the course pursued by the faculty of the college, and of the influence produced upon my son. It was most happy. He had resolved, whatever solicitations he might have to the contrary, to obey the parting injunctions of his dearly remembered mother—"to observe particularly the orders and advice of the faculty in the minutest things:" he had resolv-

ed to do this, I say, for the first session at least. The consequence was, that every thing went smoothly and happily forward. As his mind was improving and his principles were ripening, it was impossible not to perceive the salutary influence which religious instruction exerted upon them—how his duty to God was in his estimation interwoven with his duty to himself and to society; and how his daily practice corresponded with the tenor of these precepts which were instilled into his mind. The lectures which were delivered from the desk by the Principal of the college, on the subject of Divinity, abounded with such lucid arguments, conveyed in so pleasing and eloquent a style, that his attention was caught—his understanding informed—his imagination delighted, and in fine, he was enraptured with his new situation. But it was during the last year of his collegiate course, that his habits, moral and intellectual, became fixed and durable. Under such auspicious culture, they had been gradually forming, but when he came under the immediate eye and lips of the President himself, in his last year at college, then it was that he would not have exchanged the well known recitation room, as he called it, for the groves of the ancient academy. He used to sit for hours under his instruction; and ever more shall I bless God that he was placed in such hands. I inquire not into the peculiar religious sentiments of his President. It is enough for me to know, that under his fostering care he was reared, as all parents would wish to have their children reared—in the fear of God and in hatred of vice and immorality.

CAROLINE.

INTEMPERANCE.

The following remarks on the subject of intemperance are extracted from the Georgia Missionary.

An able and elaborate treatise on the use of ardent spirits, in a late number of "THE NATIONAL GAZETTE," contains the following statement relative to the annual consumption of this article in the United States:—"The persons best acquainted with the subject, compute the present consumption at not less than fifty millions of gallons a year—which costs the consumers at least 30 millions of dollars, a sum greater than the whole annual expenditure of the United States' government, including the interest of the public debt, by twelve millions; and ten millions more than the cost of both Florida and Louisiana." Let the intemperate contemplate this fact, and

tremble;—let the patriot and the Christian contemplate this fact, and seek a remedy for this manifest and mighty evil.

It may not be unprofitable to investigate the causes which produce and cherish this excessive use of ardent spirits. A fondness for spirituous liquors is probably in every instance wholly acquired. Reputable families too often become the nurseries of intemperance. The mixed and sweetened drams which are presented to children by the hands of indulgent parents, not unfrequently produce an early fondness for that article which is to prove their future bane. In this way, temperate and even pious parents are peopling the world with a generation of future drunkards. The habit of temperate and social drinking, so fashionable among all classes of the community, often terminates in confirmed and fatal sotishness. Let the young take warning from this fact, before this strong enemy shall establish his dominion, and forge the fetters, and rivet them fast upon his victims.

The cheapness of spirituous liquors contributes not a little to the irrational and immense consumption of which we complain. The present prices of distilled spirits place the means of ruin within the reach of every man who is disposed to venture upon the dreadful experiment; and this single circumstance may seal the fate of that person whose taste is already corrupted. While the materials of intemperance are cheap, they are vended in every neighbourhood, and at the corner of every street. Grog-shops abound throughout the Union, and in our own state they are far more numerous than Schools and Churches. Around these human miseries cluster—here Drunkenness, that fiend of midnight, hovers upon his “sooty pinions”—marks his victims for slaughter—and breathes the soul vapour of pestilence and death! Milton’s pandemonium presents a picture far less appalling than may be seen, particularly every Saturday, at the doors of a town or country *Supplying house.*

Let it not be supposed, that the guilt and mischief which we here contemplate, are confined to those licensed seats of iniquity where spirits are retailed by the *half pint* or the *gill*. All those mercantile establishments where spirituous liquors are sold by the *quart* or *gallon*, and are then drunk upon the premises, will ever be the resort of the idle and the profligate, and stand chargeable with the scarlet crime of reducing many a family to beggary—of helping man to the instrument of perpetrating *suicide*—and of multiplying widows and orphans in the world.

We will barely glance at the effects which uniformly result from the intemperate use of ardent spirits. Had we time for the investigation, it would not be a very difficult task to show, that the injurious consequences of spirituous liquors are by no means wholly chargeable upon excess. The common or habitual use of this stimulus, though confined at first within the limits of perfect sobriety, is too often the highway to the basest order of intemperance. A sot is not made at once; and a previous and long established habit in the use of spirits, is the vital principle which replenishes the great army of drunkards. It is a common opinion that ardent spirits are necessary to invigorate the body, to defend it from cold, and to relieve a great variety of slight indispositions. On these points we avail ourselves of the authority of two of our most eminent physicians. Dr. RUSH, speaking of the use of spirituous liquors in the very cases alluded to above, remarks, that “the arguments in favour of their use in such cases, are founded in error, and that in each of them, ardent spirits, instead of affording strength to the body, increase the evils they are intended to relieve.” Dr. CHAPMAN is equally in point. “It becomes,” says he, “the sacred and imperative duty of the physician, to unite and confederate with the divine, the moralist, the economist, and all good men, to restrain the consumption of these baneful articles—and as the first step in the scheme of reformation, to discountenance, by the weight of his authority, the popular notion of their *remedial* efficacy: and to seize every fit opportunity to state, truly and earnestly, their pestilent operation.”

But that the intemperate use of ardent spirits produces the most baleful effects, has never been questioned. The drunkard becomes a direct and immediate sufferer. But the consequences are not stayed here; they light upon all around him; his family mingle in the train of misery, and society to the remotest point of his influence, and posterity to the latest day of his remembrance, have reason to deem his existence a curse to the world.

Intemperate drinking is ruinous both to the bodies and minds of men. It is the prolific source of disease. It sweeps through the world, accumulating greater desolations in its march, than the progress of a pestilence. The sword of war is not half so destructive. It anticipates the ordinary work of death, and far outstrips, in its fleetness, the appointed destroyer of man. Were some frightful monument to be erected on every drunkard’s grave, the world

would literally become a kind of wilderness of terror. It is the direct cause of many fatal disorders, and gives to others which are simple in their type and curable in their nature, a complication and virulence which baffle all human skill. Property as well as health are sacrificed at the altar of intemperance. This vice is throughout the civilized world the most fruitful source of pauperism. It has clothed many a man in rags, and robbed him of the last morsel of bread for the sustenance of life. And happy would it be if the mischief ended here. But the innocent too often suffer with the guilty. The lovely wife, and the helpless babes of the profligate and drunken man must feel the direful consequences of an alienation of a husband and a father from his own flesh and blood. Every better affection is drowned in the inebriating cup. Give such a man the means of gratifying his insatiate thirst, and he would stagger around the cradle of his slumbering infant and drink a health to his fellow drunkards upon the coffin of his wife! Nor is society at large exempt from the prejudicial influence of its intemperate members. The sot is lost to the world. By the dominion of this single vice, information and talents are paralyzed at once. The ox of the stall is quite as valuable, and a far less dangerous member of society than the confirmed and habitual drunkard. And happy would it be for these wretched victims of the cup, if no day of retribution were in prospect. Let such men tremble when they reflect, that they are answerable to God for their excess. Let them tremble when they think of that day when they must account for the neglect of their families, for the injuries done to their own bodies, and for the murder of their souls. Let them tremble when they read in the Sacred Volume, that no DRUNKARD shall enter into the kingdom of God.

A few remarks on the means of suppressing this manifest and overwhelming vice, will close our present strictures. We have long believed, that a reformation in this particular, is not a hopeless undertaking. The correctives of this evil must be applied by the combined operation of public sentiment and the authority of government.

If the temperate and virtuous members of the community, were openly to express their feelings on this subject—were to manifest their utter abhorrence of this vice—were to withhold their countenance and support from every man who has given himself up to this worse than brutal habit, the dominions of intemperance would soon be circumscribed. Those who have

any self estimation, and who wish to rank high in the estimation of others, would desert their cups and drunken companion from the principles of ambition or selfishness. Much might be done in this way by a union of all the pious and virtuous members of society. If this experiment were thoroughly made, the wicked of this description would no longer flourish as they now do, like green bay-trees among us.

But government has an important part to perform before this evil can be annihilated, or in any considerable degree diminished. The grog-shops, these perennial and overflowing springs of a thousand poison and desolating streams, ought to be suppressed by law. The very fact that these shops are opened under a tavern license, amounts to a demonstration, that their existence was never contemplated by the law of the land; and while they exist, especially in their present numbers, a reformation can never take place. The vital interests of society require that they should be crushed by one stroke of legislative power.

A heavy tax upon the importation, manufacture and sale of ardent spirits, would produce the most happy effects. This tax might be increased from year to year, till it would amount to an absolute prohibition of the use of spirituous liquors, except in cases where their utility is as clearly indicated as that of a dose of salts, or a pill of opium. This regulation is imperiously demanded by the necessity of the case. The good of society, the honour of our country and the virtue and happiness of future generations, call aloud for the adoption of such a measure without delay.

From the Boston Recorder.

WILLIAMS COLLEGE.

Extract of a letter from the President of Williams College, to a gentleman in Pittsfield, dated March 15, 1822.

Dear Sir—I received your favour of Feb 21st, containing a number of enquiries respecting the expenses of this College; and what we can do for indigent and pious students; requesting at the same time, permission to make the information public, a general answer to the questions which are frequently put to you and your friends. As a partial answer, I send you a copy of the printed statement, prepared by the Faculty, and published with the annual Catalogue, which is as follows:

"The tuition for each term, is seven dollars and fifty cents. The term bills, including tuition, room-rent, library charges, ordinary repairs, &c. amount to about thirty dollars a year. The price of board is from

wish to raise, would be a dollar to one dollar thirty-four cents. A board board may be had for a dollar by walking a mile. The best wood is sold for one dollar and fifty cents a cord. From twelve to seventeen cents a week, is paid for washing.

"The income of the charity fund, is sufficient to pay the term-bills of *twenty-five students*, and it is applied to the payment of them, in whole or in part, according to the necessities of students. Half of this is alike applicable to all indigent young men of merit, whether designed for the Christian ministry or not. Indigent students are also supplied in part, with books necessary for the prosecution of their studies, from a library established for that purpose, and from the College library. To young men designed for the ministry, further assistance is given in board, money and clothing, by the aid of charitable Societies in Williamsburg, and other places. Young men who need it, have the privilege of keeping school in winter."

You ask further, what will be the expenses of indigent and pious students per week, for board, tuition, room-rent, library charges, and every thing that goes into our term-bills, *over and above what our charity funds can defray*? The foregoing statement will show you, that so far as the above sums are concerned, *twenty-five students* can live here for a dollar a week. And in addition to this, you will perceive that the price of wood is not more than a quarter of what it is in most places. Other expenses are proportionably low. To all these facilities can add, that we are enabled already to grant considerable aid in clothing, and expect in a few months, to be able to do this on a much larger scale. In great haste, I am, dear sir, very affectionately yours,

E. D. GRIFFIN.

PROOF OF THE EXISTENCE OF GOD.

See here, I hold a Bible in my hand, and you see the cover, the leaves, the letters, the words, but you do not see the writers, or the printer, the letter-founder, the ink-maker, the paper-maker, or the binder. You never did see them, you never will see them; and yet, there is not one of you who will think of disputing or denying the being of these men. I go further, I affirm that you see the very souls of these men in seeing this book, and you feel yourselves obliged to allow that, by the contrivance, design, memory, fancy, reason, and so on. In the same manner, if you see a picture, you judge there was a painter; if you see a

house, you judge there was a builder of it; and if you see one room contrived for this purpose, and another for that, a door to enter, a window to admit light, a chimney to hold fire, you conclude that the builder was a person of skill and forecast, who formed the house, with a view to the accommodation of its inhabitants. In this manner examine the world, and pity the man, who, when he sees the sign of the wheat-sheaf, hath sense enough to know that there is a joiner, and somewhere a painter, but who when he sees the wheat-sheaf itself, is so stupid as not to say to himself—'This had a wise and good Creator!' ROBINSON.

OBITUARY.

For the Religious Intelligencer.

MRS. REBEKAH REED.

Died on Wednesday the 6th of March, in Greenville, N. Y. Mrs. REBEKAH, wife of Mr. Eliakim Reed, in the 68th year of her age. In her death an afflicted husband has lost an affectionate wife, six children, with their partners, a kind indulgent mother, the public a benevolent, useful, member, the poor and afflicted, a sympathizing donor, and the church in Greenville, an exemplary professor of the christian religion. Her disorder was of a lingering kind, and for a number of months before her death was attended with fatal symptoms. She was for some time before her death apprized of her approaching fate, and had opportunity of seeing the gradual approach of the King of terrors. This she met with that firmness of mind which becomes the christian character, and to her friends expressed her hopes of a glorious immortality, through the righteousness and atonement of the Lord Jesus Christ. She enjoyed the use of her rational powers to the last; and as her bodily powers failed, her faith appeared to be growing stronger and stronger. Her friends have the consolation under their affliction, of hoping that she has slept in Jesus, and that what is their loss is her gain, knowing that "them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him," in the morning of the resurrection.

Her funeral was attended the Friday following; when a sermon was preached to an attentive and affected audience, by Rev. Beriah Hotchkin, from 1 Cor. iii. 22.—"Whether Paul, or Apollos or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present, or things to come, all are yours."

" His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd ;
The sweet remembrance of the just,
Like a green root, revives and bears
A train of blessings for his heirs,
When dying nature sleeps in dust."

POETRY.

THE MISSIONARY'S ADDRESS.

The following address and answer were handed in prose to a female friend just before the marriage of the parties, with a request that she would put them into rhyme. Mr. H. the Missionary, died in October, 1821, on his way to the heathen of the Arkansaw. His amiable wife died in the triumphs of faith in March preceding, but a few months after their marriage.

ADDRESS TO L——A.

"Say L——a can you go with me,"
Leaving each tender scene behind?
"Say, can't thou face each parching ray,
Nor shrink before the wintry wind?"

O can my dearest earthly friend,
Extremes of hardship learn to bear;
And still possess a patient mind,
And all my griefs and sorrows share?

And when thro' distant wilds we roam,
Will you not cast a wishful eye
Back to the dear, tho' distant home,
While deep regret sends forth a sigh?

And then if Providence should frown,
And send afflictions deep and drear:
Will you its justice meekly own,
And still repress the murmuring tear?

And when within some forest wild,
We build our habitation low;
Can you still wear the cheerful smile?
Nor sigh for affluence, pomp or show?

And daily 'mid excessive toil,
May I expect support from you;
And when perhaps forsook by all,
Find you a friend sincere and true?

Will you not count it greater joy,
To bring some heathen soul to God,
Than every blessing to enjoy,
Which worldly minds call great and good?

And if I first am call'd to die,
With parting pangs, and wasting breath;
Will you assist my closing eye,
And cheer with prayer the bed of death?

Then widowed o'er my breathless clay,
Shed resignation's tender tear;
Nor sigh that you have join'd with me,
To raise the Gospel standard there?

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L——'S ANSWER.

Yes, I will go with you o'er life's troubl'd b——
low,
Or tread its rude forests, tho' distant away;
Your arm my support, and your bosom my
pillow,
Nor shrink from the blast, or the keen solar ray,
And when the lov'd home which I leave is
behind me,
Arises in painful remembrance to view,
I hope to repress it, or make it remind me
Of the vows which impell'd me to bid it adieu.
And then, if affliction and sorrow attend us,
Resignation and patience can lighten the blow
For Jesus has promis'd that he will befriend us
And bear us in triumph as conquerors through
If privations are many, and toils are excessive,
His strength in our weakness perfected shall be
I will lean on his promise, so full and impres
ive,
Nor shrink from the duties incumbent on me,
If widow'd, I'm left in a far land a stranger;
His grace can support me, I'll trust in him then
No floods of affliction the soul can endanger,
Whom Jesus upholds from the depths of de
spair.
Then welcome the day when I go to the be
then,
And welcome the keen parting pang to my
breast;
And welcome the trials that fit me for heaven,
And sweeten the joys of its sanctified rest.

INSTALLATION.

Wednesday, March 13, the Rev. HUTCHIN
TAYLOR was installed pastor of the Presby
terian church and congregation at Salina, N. Y. The introductory prayer and sermon by the
Rev. John Keep. Within two months a spe
cious and elegant house of worship has been
dedicated, a Church of Christ organized, and
a minister settled in that place.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE A. B. C. F. M.

In our last number was published a list of
the contributions, collected by an agent of the
Board, in some of the neighbouring towns. We
are requested to notice the following in addi
tion. New Haven, first Soc. 89 41

United do. 55 00

Associations and Individuals 33 00

Total in N. Haven, \$157 40